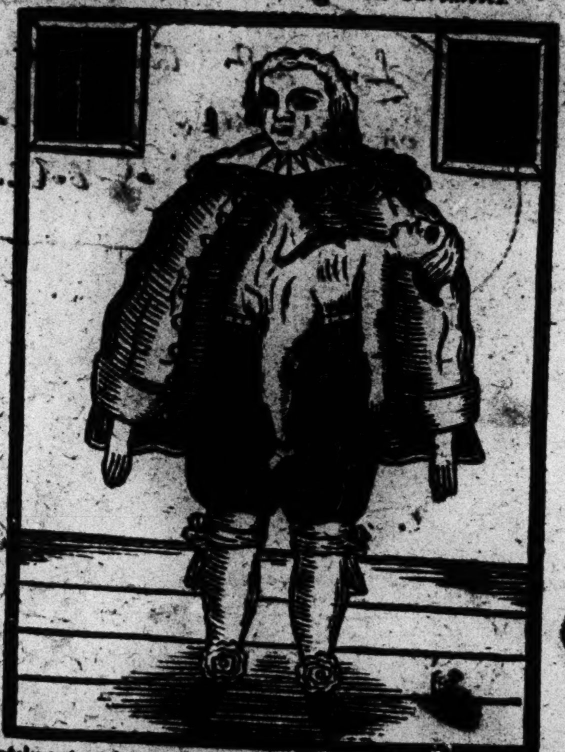
The two inſeparable brothers.

OR

A true and ſtrange deſcription of a Gentleman (an Italian by birth) about ſeventeene yeeres of age, who hath an imperfect (yet living) Brother, growing out of his ſide, having a head, two armes, and one leg, all perfectly to be ſeen. They were both baptized together; the imperfect is called *Iohn Baptiſt*, and the other *Lazarus*. Admire the Creator in his Creatures.

To the tune of The wandring Iewes Chronicle.



TO England lately newes is come,
Which many parts of Chriſtendome
haue by experience found
To be the ſtrangeſt and moſt rare,
That ſome vnto the world declare,
ſince man firſt walkt o'th ground.

Many Prodigies haue ſéene,
Creatures that haue prepoſterous béene,
to nature in their birth,
But ſuch a thing as this my theame,
Makes all the reſt ſéeme but a dreame,
the like was nere on earth.

A Gentleman well qualifide,
h beares his brother at his ſide,
rably knit,
e you may ſée,
liuing be,
t it.

This yong man doth compleatly walke,
He can both read, write, ſing, or talke,
without paine or detraction,
And when he ſpeakes the other head,
Doth moue the lips both Ruby red,
not ſpeaking but in action.

This head and face is rightly fram'd,
With euery part that can be nam'd,
eares, eyes, lips, noſe, and chin,
His vpperlip hath ſome beard on't,
Which he who beares him yet doth want,
this may much wonder win.

One arme's about his brother caſt,
That doth embrace his body faſt,
the other hangeth by,
Theſe armes haue [illegible] with fingers all,
Yet as a childs they are but ſmall,
pinch any part hee'l cry.

Onely one legge with feet and toes
Is to be ſéene, and ſome ſuppoſe,
the other is contain'd
thin his brothers body, yet
hath vs'd him ſo to it,
main'd.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune. 74

YEt nothing doth the leſſer eate,
He'ſonely nouriſh'd with the meate
wherewith the other feeds,
By which it ſeemes though outward parts
They have for two, yet not two hearts,
this admiration breeds.

For ſickneſſe and infirmities,
I meane Quotidian maladies,
which man by nature hath,
Sometimes one's ſicke, the other wel
This is a ſtory ſtrange to tell,
but he himſelfe thus ſaith.

Th'imperfect once the ſmall poxe had,
Which made the perfect brother ſad,
but he had never any,
And if you nip it by the arme,
Or doe it any little harme,
(this hath beene tride by many,)

It like an infant (with voyce weake)
Will cry out though it cannot ſpeake,
as ſenſible of paine,
Which yet the other feeleth not,
But if the one be cold or hot,
that's common to both twaine.

Some ſeaventeene yeares of age they be,
A perfect proper youth is he
to which the leſſe doth cleave,
They were baptized being young,
Few then did think they'd live ſo long,
as few would now beleeve.

But that to ratifie this truth,
Now in the Strand this wondrous youth
is preſent to be ſeene,
And he with his ſtrange burden, hath
Bin ſhewne (with marvaile) as he ſaith
to our good King and Queene.

John Baptiſt is th'imperfect nam'd,
Who through the chriſtian world is fam'd,
his Brother which him beares
Was called Lazarus at the Font,
And if we well conſider on't
a myſtery in't appeares.

From Italy their native place,
They have ſome certaine late yeares ſpace,
gone one ſtill with another,
Indeed they cannot otherwiſe doe,
He that ſee's one muſt needs ſee two,
the brother beares the brother.

Through Germany, through Spaine & France,
(Devoyd of danger or miſchance)
and other Chriſtian Lands
They travell'd have, nay rather one
For both, ſo many miles hath gone,
to ſhew th' work of Gods hands.

And now in England they have beene
About a moneth although unſeene,
till now obtaining leave,
In ſeeing this or ſuch ſtrange things,
Let us admire the King of Kings,
and of his power conceave.

That juſt opinion which is due,
To him who is all good all true,
whoſe works we can't find out,
Let admiration then ſuffice,
Sith theres no man that is ſo wiſe,
but of's owne wit may doubt.

And ſo doe I.

FINIS. *Martin*

Printed at London for *Thomas Lamb*
the ſigne of the Horſ-ſhoo
in Smithfield